THE THIRTY-SEVEN DAY PASSING

History of the Young Libertine

A Novel by Jack Elbourne

The 37 Day Passing First Draft Manuscript

by Jack Elbourne

Introduction

WORD COUNT: 6323

The courageous hero was taken from the womb, during the autumn season, in November 1746. The night loomed and leaves sprouted wings, spread them fully, and went forth toward their home—the one that which they belong and forever will; not once did they think so until the wind, with its sharp wisdom, gave it direction and safely they can travel to their Paradise. Our protagonist, as wishful he may be, has not the privilege the leaves do. He is confined. Forever shall he remain so; death is the sole escape; none others be so in its place.

Monsieur and Madame L'Aignelet, whom the mighty prince Satan considers his most prized conceptions, served as Doucelin's parents; whichsoever the reader wishes to call them, I leave up to themselves and none else. I say this only so I leave my prejudices outside the tale's realm. Little good would be done if I were to call them "criminals", "villains", "scoundrels", and whatnot; note withal I shan't refrain from the shrewd devices I employ to embellish further my short-temper, snide, cynicism, and spite. Those four items service the tale, so much that if I was to forsake, what good then would words be?

Monsieur L'Aignelet, by all accounts, was an ordinary man of respectable standing, hailing from an upper-class district of Île-de-France. Born into a family of aristocratic bankers, wealth did the man wonders, securing himself a devoted wife and a handsome son. His community, friends, and all others who crossed his path had no qualms in displaying tremendous appreciation for the chap. What refinement! My! He hath not a touch of vice

within! Why? To think there lies countless crimes attached to his name… what absurdity! Lies!

To whosoever thinks he distances himself from cruelty, have thou not the slightest clue? Have thou not even a little sensibility? Nature, to realize her offspring have tarnished and renounced their many great gifts from her, she, in these melancholic times, weeps tears, many tears which stream down her beautiful neck down to the ground such it caresses with vigorous strength. What monster ever sees no wrong in making their mother cry? Therefore, do not a further crime, the variety that opposes Nature, then one has already committed; in its stead grapple the despotism set forth upon the eyes, for indeed do they repine so dearly for the delicious desserts for which minister us with facts, never a one diverts from a steady course toward enlightenment.

A man this much in line with a tyrant has not the place to expect the faintest sight of respect from me. Doth he not know I am I? I'm hardly willing to prostrate myself to the likes of an oafish bastard whom, with every absence of intellect, high with deluded merry spirits, simply desires only to flaunt, in abominable excess, his social status? His authority, that which is an illusion? His deceitful notions not even one born into ostriches would consider reasonable? His impoverished intellect somehow appears to me as the better. Since I know better than to believe such inanity, what I obtain is the single greatest spoils Man has yet beheld in insulting, with my clever snark, his errors; but what differs from his errors to the ones of myself is I am the possessor of refinement that is unrivaled to all others. Say naught one may; say something one may. I shan't care for the words that come my way;

neither vicious nor passive do me harm ‘till the day my corpse is buried into the planet’s soil.

Madame L'Aignelet; alas how I very much wish I could paint her in a light I so wish to, much so like how our dear protagonist would see fit to; though I shall refrain instead from putting forth an objective depiction above all else. Doucelin can be the one to do otherwise; perhaps showing the reader her utterly foul toxins. That aside, she was in like fashion to the Monsieur an admired creature without sin; pure to the utmost degree; a devoted Christian; a virgin to the ways of the various fuckings with which are to occur succeeding this chapter; most of all poles apart from what those simpletons think of her as, for what virtue she held rather was plundered by the barbaric hands of vice; all with a dissolute outlook on all the fools of this Earth hold dear to: virtue, religion, with the rest surely the reader knows of.

Exactly just what went wrong to bring forth misfortune onto our protagonist? Bearing witness it is to be assumed life was in every respect the best possible for a man sans the horrors stricken upon the several others; thereupon have we our ignorance. Rather than a perfect living, the pen ever-so cruelly seeks little in gifting hope unto thou; this would only devise a story tailored to the reader’s prejudices. Errors of the reader, those we need not hold dearly to the heart but instead admit, provide such merciless obscurity that one, with those stunning eyes of thine, focused upon the text, that which I invented with superb brilliance, thus finds only but the penchants of theirs to be what defines “right” and “wrong”. I shall expand thereon amidst the tale’s progression.

As fate would have it, to be so kind to a helpless child, lost and alienated in a world of evil, a world which has little consideration for humanity would give none such rise to crime, to pleasure, to any libertine endeavors—with which a world of evil by definition requires for its existence. Without this, life would only be joyless good, albeit this simply cannot exist other than inside the confines of the imagination, during its desperate times, the times in which it seeks hope from this unending misery we call “existence”.

One point I purposefully neglected to speak of is the Monsieur and Madame L'Aignelet are a pair of admirers for Brandy; perhaps too great of ones, I’ll say; neither could keep their mouths off a bottle lest they were unconscious from their immoderate boozing. With Doucelin as young as two, they have not a sign of decency as to properly care for the child; and why, they thought, why at any point refuse hedonism in favor of responsibility? And this exact way of thinking not long led to their demises.

From there, one likely thinks the poor child remained in despair over the loss of his parents. Ifsoever one simply considered such a moronic guess that I honestly must say falls in line with hopeful fiction, I only say therewith one still is bound by lies; indeed shall I relinquish those fallacies from beginning to end of this novel; two, of most importance, the child carried as much apathy and indifference for their pathetic expirations as a man would upon accepting death; what differs is there lies far less reason to harbor any other sentiment with our protagonist’s case than that of accepting death.

To the beds of the inferno wherewith all and any pleasure forever shall remain a relic of the past for those two lesser ones; pain be but the single

sensation in and around their corpses, thought Doucelin once his young eyes caught sight at last of his captor's deaths. This yet would not be the last of his grapples with the untold numbers of criminals running beneath France.

"Monsieur le Renvoisié, have not in thou any measure of courtliness? What I say led to such depravity? O friend of mine! Thy erection, protruding so far out the trousers, others must wonder when it has last had rest atop the beds of thy unwashed pubic hair. That which Providence seeks answers for, I refuse my ears to allow such knowledge to come their way, for the horrors… oh! Would simply be unspeakable. Frustration, have thy way like I give a damn!"

The gentleman, whom with no further elaboration shall only be called Grégoire de Chappellaines, fatefully an old lover to Armand le Renvoisié IV, stood a solid three meters nigh our main protagonist through the interim of his display. Cold? Mocking? Playful? What adjective one may decide to assign to the lad's forward remarks, I leave up only to the dutiful reader to decide. One clue I offer to give for the reader to properly fathom what little morals our villain, Armand, clings to lies with his insatiable lust; of foulness even the likes of I have neither power nor desire to rival. All evil the cruel bastard had within set its vicious eyes on young Doucelin, throughout the treacherous years of 1763 up towards the spring of 1765; wherewith the times sought our hero new life with another degenerate whom shall be accordingly introduced after this detailing with the pair of lovers (Armand & Grégoire). See with thy own two eyes, coaxed to step no further than the

waters which Christ allows one to walk upon, what heights of crime truly transpire inside this impure prison day-in-and-day-out.

The fine gent's fuck fashioned itself much warmth upon landing in my tight, pink hole. What wonders! The sin! To think, dare I say, Man has only the faintest of ideas about what gives one pleasure astounds one such as me to a degree unheard of. The hairs which vibrate along the hole's rims whilst his gray scruff, caressing my ass, both kisses and swishes passionately the corners have one in profound ecstasy. I know I have fallen from grace… but to give mind to prayer allows not me the privilege I so wish to indulge in whatever wrong I see fit to enjoy… and what wickedness that would be! Our young hero pondered very much so in his perverted head.

Our two queer lovers, Armand and Grégoire are "drifters": one who is so far gone in the most profound depths of their pursuit of pleasure that one seldom draws up wishful dreams. Seeing as how the impetus to persevere is inspired exclusively by the fluid motion of the physical senses, in how they desire continual agitation, it is be notioned such leads one no availability to satisfactory reasoning; rather to wank vigorously to Nature's offerings of indulgence; she determines no trouble in this self-slaughter of the acute mind… alas! Kindly do bear this word, "drifter", in mind, dear reader—its importance shall be well understood thenceforward.

1764; here at this time I must detail to thou the primary achievements of our lovers which transpired in the year, except the months succeeding June. I leave out July through December for the sake of avoiding redundancy and move onwards to address the additional set of abominations that took place

in the subsequent years to end off our protagonist's introduction. However, for the sake of not spoiling one's devout attention to the details, 'tis only to be as far up to January the following year. The lists follow a specific chronological sequence, with every respective item denoted by month, in which I give no thought to deviate; this is so one can construct an accurate timeline of the years, permitting a more smooth transition thereinto. Each item on the list provides a brief yet informative description so as not to draw out any unnecessary points that serve no relevance for developing and understanding our protagonist and equally for the lovers. And withal… I thus positively commence:

> **JAN.** *Armand and his other procured for themselves a ravishing château in the Forest of Orléans; of which as well resided not far whence their prison many other thriving potential candidates for their adventures, naturally on the grounds this was to have themselves more material to purchase of course saving Doucelin. Thereupon was when the initial crimes took place; the hurried time ensured nothing but their envisions could advance with a speed fit for their preference. To start, our hero was bounden in the cellar in the course of the daylight hours, so that matters of financial business would be settled; the hours of indulgence therefore withheld until sunset. Once the desired hour struck, only then did they walk down to the abode's darkened cellar where their honored victim awaited; their trousers fell to the floor in less time it takes for the eyes to flicker; their glorious erections together thrust into Doucelin's buttocks when the asset has itself whipped with a plank of wood as a general rule; rich masses of*

their semen thereafter mercilessly expelling without fail onto the boy's pretty ass, not far off from topping its outside to witness in awe of their magnificent masterpiece that unconcernedly lied atop their victim. The libertines cooperatively had themselves satisfied therewith for the totality of this single month—but not unexpected of them, this was only for so long.

FEB. *Predictably my reader sodomy was nowise the sole activity our criminals had the pleasure in experiencing; for the next month, in its completeness, the villains had their way with his mouth and thighs, with the mouth draped with the luscious liquid of which violently escaped Armand's prick; Grégoire had himself the boy's thighs, simultaneously kissing the skin and fucking between the limbs before his heroic ejaculation; this owing greatly to the foul inventions of his dissolute imagination; no man would wish upon themselves the assets lest precisely as detestable as our two. This continued per day of the month without so much as a coffee break, not including the times of rest scheduled at noon and night whensoever they receded to their sleeping quarters; in contrast, they restrained the boy in the cellar for the night until sunrise the next day.*

MAR. *This month sought little for our libertines and main protagonist; from careful consideration, they granted our young hero recess from all the varieties of fuckings, endowing him merely his hands to do whatever they so wished in the midst of no visits. Doucelin stayed active frigging his erect device, the diameter at the time well over fifteen centimeters, seeing to it he does not succumb foolishly to*

sobriety; whereas our lovers were elsewhere in Paris visiting a homely chapel (relatively west of the setting aforementioned at the beginning of this chapter). Amongst the plenitude of other scandals they dedicated themselves to, the chapel was no less similar a place to their castle. The clergy generously participated with our lovers in making the holy manor their toilet, with not so much as a crevice barren of their turds, piss, semen, and vomit. The business took our company the entire month to accomplish, in which thereupon the pair rode by carriage back to their château, had a single chalice of Burgundy, and retired to their quarters after the twelfth hour, to rest for the next month's crimes.

APR. *The lovers arose from their quarters sharply the moment of the sun's contact with the château's beautiful exterior; our protagonist deliberately adapted a whole slew of caprices, owing greatly to the starved state of his from the fleshly sensations; hardly if at all could he contain himself. His erection was magnificent and courageous, that of a man's and contrary of a little boy's; but 'tis the truth, for knowing full well of his sin, one can simply notion he hath no such association with lads his year and stands solely by the adults. This allows our libertines without horrid ideas of themselves as these "pedophiles", "child fuckers", and whatnot; to put unto themselves the titles, their capabilities be only but frustrated by the hands of the tyrant forces who say they ought to feel ashamed, agonized, and atone—utterly preposterous! Moving forwards, they announced the servants to cook for brunch at exactly 10-o'-clock sharp, whereupon Doucelin is*

awoken, fed, clothed, and prepare himself for the day's fucking; albeit the lovers believed strongly a lubricious vessel to enact their debauchees needed intellect, so the doings could hold value beyond offering pleasure and objectification; what contradiction for deviants, but understand even the vilest with the least appreciable dimensions can have other tastes and somewhat refinement in them. The studies howbeit did always come to a swift close once noon struck, from which their crimes followed suit without even a tad ounce of demur. The chosen activities this month transitioned into purely focusing on the sensations brought upon their members inserting deep into his mouth, such Doucelin would vomit onto them; but only a single one whenas the other fucks his ass whole, concluding once planting his seed. A crucifix has itself planted into Doucelin's the hour prior to his time to sleep, 9-o'-clock. One watches as the other violates his bum with the apparatus 'till each of their respective discharges. An abundance of his blood found its way onto the gentleman's clothes; the holy item prompting twofold in intensity than before simultaneous discharges thereinto, kissing it for a minute full, and retiring to their quarters having their lips saturated of the taste of ass for the entire night to lick and taste. The only days that warranted not this ritual were Fridays; that day was dedicated only to study and none else. He needed to still frig his penis in front of the Messieurs, though they did not permit themselves a single physical touch of the hands upon their shafts—the odd practice, our hero never understood, even now; the best of his conjectures is this makes it so they capitulate not too much in consequently becoming a "drifter".

MAY. *The Reverend Father D*********, a character unnamed purposefully, for the time being, was employed for the month's entirety; with whom the lovers specifically instructed to shit as many turds as he could into Doucelin's mouth during his sleep until sunrise. Proper compensation was awarded if the priest topped the boy's mouth whole without so much as any space left for a turd to fall to. Per week of the month but only on Sundays, the lovers fucked their victim's shit-caked mouth, ejaculated, had the servants lick clean their smeared members, all the while the father read them the Old Testament; the mere recitation coupled with the ongoing sin charming his cerulean eyes was enough to prompt a discharge into his robe—verily immodest for such a pious figure, one perhaps thinks, except recognize men must needn't themselves a god; instead they ought to call upon their impulses, all which being lustful and violent, inasmuch is necessary to educe indulgence and eventually the product of indulgence, pleasure. All exercises of goodwill, of faith, whether one claims to be of God or otherwise, are far from what creatures bound themselves to in the setting of Nature; our priest is no exception to this irrefutable law!*

JUN. *The Father packed his things and departed to Nice on the noon of June 1; the lovers as well accompanied by their victim; the boy intentionally forced bare so to expose, naturally on an incessant basis, his charming rose ass. The Messieurs regularly stuffed their piggish faces into the young boy's benefit raping the senses, each of theirs, with the disgusting smell of shit, yet abundant with delicious flavors,*

prompting plenty of discharges per indulgence. This set of events took place only once, during the couple day carriage ride; each lover had themselves shit such their appetites be no more a faded memory. "Voluptuous", "profound", "riveting"; could those words be any more of an understatement, I say? The ride thereupon concluded with the lovers still with stamina—as well as Doucelin, of course. The Father had reserved them a hotel in the vicinity of his chapel. Delicious feasts, prostitutes/unfaithful wives, spirits, and opium all came therewith; titillation to coerce the mind only into committing atrocities and perversions, never to escape to weakness in calling for a god or displaying any act of humanity; thereby summoning legions of passionate fluids out of one's pores onto either the ground or whosoever is surrendering. In any event of a virtue to be expressed, the wrongdoer swiftly would be punished—naturally, as one would imagine, neither of the lads strayed in the end. I shall list the weekly events; each distinct from the other, distinguished, and shortened for the sake of not causing the reader any boredom:

> **WK 1st.** *The Father procured four adolescent boys, ages 13, 14, 17, and 14 respectively, from his cathedral to submit collectively alongside Doucelin to the lovers and himself, therefore lending them permission to deflower in the manner of embuggering, mouth-fucking, thigh-fucking, and ending by discharging onto each of their beautiful faces, with Doucelin being assigned the observer to delight himself with the perfect magnificence.*

WK 2nd. *The lovers drugged the boys with opium, themselves conjointly later; the Father opted out to instead indulge in wine whilst they smelled the farts the boys expelled in their sleep; an upwards of eighty per boy, except Doucelin who made an astounding one-twenty, were all accounted for. The libertines ejaculated for every twenty farts they heard.*

WK 3rd. *The whores offered themselves. The condition was they tend to the boys per evening, in which doing so would provide reasonable compensation if their skills, every as exceptional as the other, could elicit at least three ejaculations from Doucelin and the other little ones. Any absence of dramatic provocation within the hearts of the villains would be met with no reward and a swift blow to their heads, mutilation, then selling off their organs to interested parties. Don't the pious love a good roast, only comprised of the vilest of atheists and criminals alike? Whether it be humans or animals, all be the greatest of desserts to give to the stomach! Alas, they expressed not the slightest protest therefrom.*

WK 4th. *The libertines sent the ladies with their payment; upon their departure, what was left to achieve was to stain the room's floors with bodily fluids, namely feces and blood with modest touches of urine. The other necessary action sought out was amputating the arms and legs of the boys not including Doucelin, for his usefulness, remained; the other lads simply could not compare to Doucelin's prowess, thus bringing forth*

> *grave disappointment. Once thoroughly morphed into things with only a head and torso, the Father began first, the lovers proceeding shortly after, reaming each, inserting his scabrous tongue inside their pubescent mouths to ensure the moist domains had themselves painstakingly violated; in which finishing he imitated the procedure with their asses, choking them but only enough to prompt unconsciousness temporarily, then which ejecting brutally onto their stomachs.*

In this period I leave off with the lovers and the Father. I shall present to the reader the next and final chapter of Doucelin's background, from 1765 to the present, before I part ways and allow our main protagonist to tell his story to the reader.

1765; the first month of this year, the lovers considered the youth no more than unnecessary having seen with their own set of eyes his talents; and so without so much as a minute of careful deliberation, they shipped him off to a good associate of theirs, Jean-Henri Fournier III, a banker from Brittany; revealing his name, unlike our previous libertine, is one of a sundry of methods in which the tale will be written insofar as is necessary for both my satisfaction and the reader's.

Jean-Henri III was whilom the proud owner of the Château Froment-Meurice, inherited by his father, Jean-Henri II, a banker likewise. This place will serve relevance in some parts of this tale; take note of every detail of the location; whether the reader desires in doing so, the digression, like the one previous, will be referenced and elaborated on in time to come.

Handsome, charming, sophisticated, systematic; the particular traits of our wretch are as ever divine, unquestionably impervious to cowardice. To bargain vicious strength for enfeebled humility, from which demonstrates blind faith, his existence becomes far less exciting, much akin to one of any other man.

His crimes, far too much to detail by a meager summary, I let again the reader imagine as for now the conquests shall be discussed later; but make no mistake, it will serve its place just as the others do.

“Oh helpless dimwits, whom I regard as friends, have ever thou felt the presence of the purest form of a criminal?” shouted the Banker, dismayed by their shameful incompetence. “I am not impressed; you write me, promise me a treasure, and rather than please you in complete dishonor present a child without the fundamental materials—

“Fuck! Where in God’s name is his erection, his tantalizing breech, his unyielding submission to bend down to the ground with both knees, then to treat a dear guest’s phallus? To put it as kindly as I can, ultimately what was brought was reprehensible, and withal my busy schedule warrants other services that require far more preoccupation. My lovely mistresses await their lord; spare me, oh please gentlemen, of the horrid product that results from omitting my refined services of delighting.”

The Banker imposed his judgment upon the lovers, uttering these exact words, the month of March, the 10th day; the setting in which this dialogue transpired, soever the reader wonders, was in Rennes.

‘Twas ever bit as swift and violent as one would imagine:

The Banker's lackeys had their eyes seized out of their sockets; their skin peeled and saved to be used to furnish his lovely ballroom cabriole; their pleasing rumps dismembered, for which were reserved for his supper; their shafts artistically anatomized and placed inside their sockets, with the foremost section of the urethrae faced frontwards. Withal this, their mutilated hinds, now of which bequeathed our libertine the clear view of the inner workings of the human body, were swiftly fucked and heavily sullied much so with the man's seed. His seed was of the purest white witnessed yet by our young hero.

By God! Doucelin thought, while the infernal creature, a man who embodied the essence of a "drifter", more so as opposed to Armand and his partner, silently paid respects to his fine effort.

Doucelin's inner dialogue before it could resume was abruptly interrupted. "You there, a so-called prized asset I heard all about… come, come hither and properly greet me with some manners. Heavens! Were you ever taught once in life one strictly ought to have some courtesy in the presence of authority, such as the likes of myself? Go on now, laddie. Are you… or shall we simply wait, wait whilst thou continue fixating thy eyes upon my hardened member, that which I spoke no words to entitle thou to admire just yet?"

Am I now to bend down in submission to lick this man's boots, with my former masters now passed on? Our hero thought, furiously scratching his head in deranged confusion. *What further must I subject myself to… to taste at long last rhapsodic stimuli that come from employing the agency of my*

blistering caprices, which yet are to be subdued; thence conquering and ultimately tyrannizing other, more feeble creatures to thus force upon them what my might calls for, what vices it so desires to participate in, amongst the rest of its directives. Alas, I shall give myself to the lad and perhaps in a few years attain enough knowledge to assail… or perhaps such be merely conceit on my part."

The noon which followed, the Banker was thereupon the owner of the young one's bum, mouth, and additional orifices. He was free of all and any intruding parties from bereaving him of his beloved good—after all, the reader frankly ought to consider its myriad of marvels, all of which are to the highest degree in beauty and allure. What a heartless calamity would it be if one were to lose the one most vital materialistic good of theirs which brought them their purpose, purpose in, I daresay, a completely nihilistic world.

Three months the following, the sun rose from which its modest rays touched the Banker's flowerbed well-nigh his fortress' entrance, north most of Doucelin's sleeping quarters, which lay on the second floor. Beautiful, enchanting, seductive; scarlet, the color the sun upon that time assumed, beckoned the three virtues she shared with our protagonist much the way he did towards the libertine. So what if what came was blind intoxication, for such could be no better in the Banker's savage eyes. We only have one life to experience, only one chance to bask in what vulgar inventions the mind fancies; we need not the false saints to bid us what ought to be heeded, merely to be welcomed by simpletons. Those gents have not even

Nature, the Duchess of Man's nature, in their hearts! Utterly wicked such philistines can be!

"O wondrous genesis! Rose cheeks, bow forth, submit thy status, bestow thy warmth, thy moist manse. My impatient seed has not the time for idleness!" The Banker yelled in short haste, instancing a loss in his erection. It ceased natheless, insomuch as soon his subject devotedly surrendered nurturing, as would a mother to her son bereft of the sensual pleasures, his prick up 'till climax, spontaneously positioning his ass in the direction of the asset, thus allowing the libertine full access to his tight hole, from which he planted his seed. Far through the summer and autumn, the pair dedicated themselves religiously to this modest deviance. Ultimately winter would arrive, a period that would comprise higher crime incomparable to the previous ones known by Doucelin, even with his former authorities.

West whence Doucelin and his master stayed, in Vannes to be precise, there were about five churches, three of which were catholic practicing and two of which were Lutheran practicing. The catholic ones stood by some small streams, those so crisp and smooth, their motion fluid and perpetual, such what elicited was the sweetest form of intoxication and comfort. The two Lutheran ones were surrounded by vast forestry and evergreens, with birds perched on every branch, seldom of any and all crows and vultures, creatures which embodied death and gloom.

Opportunities, an untold many, circulated through-and-through their impure heads; by any means available would they exceptionally exploit with such excellence. This, I regret, has not the sufficient space for me to even begin

to accurately describe, so alas I say only the sole crime elected for this business matter: to enkindle those celebrated holy structures; ‘till the end of time, they shall witness God’s weakness in not striking them far beneath, on the basis he remains only a construct from Man’s injudicious apathy in embracing his cruel nature.

The Banker and Doucelin stood well-nigh the Église Saint-Laurent, which was Catholic practicing, neighboring the Auberge de l'Orfèvre, where the duo lodged amid their vacation to Vannes.

Why wish to tarnish good? What would it matter anyhow? Bothering with the burdens brought upon from morals fled our libertines, in like fashion to a widow relieving pain through means of giving into another man’s passions; as with no sparks there ultimately is no further need for their once held foolish promises. This impetus sufficiently promised a profound theater for the libertines to enjoy wholeheartedly.

Charred corpses of mothers, fathers, children, the elderly, the sickly gave not a bother to our duo, but rather the impatience to shower their sizzling fluids onto the now marred, brittle collectives of flesh; and with time they did the moment the pious fools’ hysteric wails at last quieted.

Now with enough peace, the friends mutually scurried within the abode’s walls, ensuring each of them has the opportunity to defile, beside the other, every single corpse in sight. In doing so, those fools’ (the victims) false God, now absent, abhors them. Quite befittingly, his wrath manifests in all its glory and henceforth smites the renounced children of his to the continuous vacuum they call “purgatory”, where unending solitude eagerly awaits.

Of the other several churches the town provided, only one other met a similar fate:

The Église luthérienne Saint-Amour, the most proximal Lutheran church from the Église Saint-Laurent and the Auberge de l'Orfèvre. Most likely what one predicts is rather than wait until everyone passed, the Banker, telling Doucelin to wait for him outside, stormed inside, all while our protagonist could only imagine the scandals which took precedence.

That Neanderthal! That oaf! Must he torment these people anymore? Doucelin examined, with both of his slender, Caucasian hands held tightly behind his back; as much patient and courteous as the reader would imagine. *Even I would have enough decency in me to proceed with murdering those folk, ideally in a prompt fashion, and thereafter mind myself rather splendidly with their perished carcasses; the chap can come along with, I permit him sincerely.*

Alas, for such creatures, they simply will ignore grace. Neither is one capable of ruling over them nor is one capable of refusing to bow down to them for the powerful tyrants they are. They are your mentor, you are their pupil–equally in degree but unevenly in authority. Listen and they shall too; speak and they shall too. That's what Monsieur Fournier discussed with me on Easter night in 1766. Those exact teachings of his, he told me he asserts himself the ruler and I ought to assert myself as submissive to his every whim, which means I shan't bother to question him. Therefore, to put simply, we learn of the other equally, though our power forever remains prejudiced; and for men who hold no grace, or any other virtues within, they

stand unchangeable by the likes of me. Oh! I have many to learn about this intricate world; I am merely just 18 after all, the start of adulthood, haha.

Shortly, it was late spring the next year, as Doucelin rested serenely in his chambers through noon. M. Fournier granted himself entrance, dressed in, on that sublime occasion, a tidy indigo hunting coat, burgundy breeches, decorous black boots which reached to the bottom tip of his stiffened knees, with a yellow buckle at the ankle, and his fashionable gainsboro wig uniformly curled lengthwise on each side of his head.

"Young child," the Banker announced, as to awaken the sleeping Doucelin, "to say you have done excellent would simply be an understatement; 'tis a crime which I forbear myself in committing. Thy magnificence, so bright and brimming with the passions of youth, but also of adulthood, hast all bow before its presence, such Providence opens extensive paths towards libertinage. If you are to choose this direction, one of which as you may already know was put forward to thou since that arid spring day, then continue, continue to show the world your incredible talents, your handsome figure, your willing obedience, and amongst the others your unmerciful atheism, that in which you unfeignedly express to those charlatans, who hold that fabled entities have rule over their freedom. My words are done with their emotions, so I ask that you go off somewhere that shall suit your many needs, if it is excessive luxury or otherwise poverty… or even middle class; though such honestly matters not to me, for only the successful application of your talents is just what I ask for."

“Now speak, Monsieur L'Aignelet.” The Banker announced, this time with a more stern tone. He stood back a couple of meters, signaling the half-awaken Doucelin permission to respond, something which the man strictly instilled and religiously enforced without so much as a deviation; the practice essentially both principle and natural.

“Monsieur,” the boy intoned, although loud enough for the Banker to digest flawlessly, “merci! this I pronounce for your wisdom and professional handling of my ass. Those other pair of morons, Messieurs le Renvoisié and de Chappellaines; oh how I could shout at those oafs, straight towards their putrid sights, for leaving my ass full of their feces, piss, and semen, with which, for some odd reason, they seem to enjoy such disgust; albeit their kindred interest holds true to myself just as much, in spite of wishing otherwise. But you, you dear Monsieur, you carry such a refinement with you that I wonder why it was not exhibited on March 10th, 1765; conceivably, leastwise to me, you believed your pupils, whom you entrusted deeply, disgraced you enough to forbid aught bar indignation and its allied emotions. I may still be young, but I do empathize with you having to baby two mischievous brats, haha.”

“Well, uhm…” Doucelin paused. “This is my farewell, my chance to hint to you in that I am content with your wish. I do not mind writing you, but my penmanship, err… well let us not worry about that for now. Let Nature guide us in place of free will and personal decision—we have no power over her ruthless designs; instead, we are to abide as one would their government.”

“And… that, Monsieur, that ends the rest I needed to say. Therefore I appropriately bid farewell and envision the two of us will reacquaint at a later date.”

Some weeks after, the events reached the present date, June 1st, 1767, this being the point where this chapter concludes and our tale opens. Doucelin himself shall be the one to continue with the rest of this tale, with some sections narrated by the main antagonist, whom for now we shall, as done previously with our priest, only name as the Duc de C**********, thus and so two hugely distinct perspectives, one in the mind of the victim and another in the mind of the libertine, suffice accurately portraying an impartial account of the events; this being as how developments throughout this novel deliberately descend into disjointed, conflicting angles. My reasons for doing this are to firstly demonstrate the opposing yet in some respects much the same psychological states of the two sides; secondly, to expand upon the complex relationships each character bears; thirdly, to disclose the very many connections the characters have with one another, being largely attributable to their sophisticated associations.

With my commentary fulfilled, the reader wants to know: What is that which comes at this moment in time?

Part One

"Week of the Gentle"

The comprehensive development of the first week of June (1st–7th), narrated by Doucelin L'Aignelet; interspersed amongst which is the series of "gentle" indulgences which unfold at the Château de Valenciennes.

The First Day

WORD COUNT: 432/5000

Men of all classes are truly vile creatures, disposed towards such wicked diligences. Man, as unwilling as he is to change himself, fails to see his wrongs, for what God is there to stop him? None! that is right, and I know better than to inveigh in a contrary fashion. Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad, Brahman, amongst the millions of fallacious beings that which Man conjured up in his thousand years of sciolism, to those of whom still cling to these otherwise named divine charlatans, I cite the examples of war, a crime worse than ones even the likes of myself have committed, in which catalyzed from relying upon bloodshed to send messages declared by their false creators—a rather hypocritical deed to perpetrate for ones who claim to uphold harmony.

I solicit my pleasing flesh to Messieurs, those in particular who find themselves visiting these districts in the nocturnal hours. Nearly all of whom personally speaking are deceitful prudes: They insult the whores in the hours of light and yet purchase their services in the hours of the dark; but leaving aside however they may portray themselves towards the common herd, I matter-of-factly care not; 'tis the fact some of them pay me a good deal, ergo there is not a bother worth minding of. Furthermore, I had better tell you something here and now: This one creature I discerned an hour past 9-o'-clock, I swear by God inheld physiology synonymous with a gentleman I onetime had acquainted with in my adolescence, Grégoire de Chappellaines, himself an unsuited voluptuary and overall impurity of

Nature's making. Might by chance he be a close relative of that ravisher, I wonder?

The nobleman Duc de C**********, the aforementioned creature, advanced towards me at a rate in which I neither had the time to process nor open the door to. This gentleman conveyed the impression of being in pursuance of a certain ambition that granted I was confounded of; and yet, the first of twenty postulations my mind devised was his ambition must have in its keeping meaningful relevance to my outrageous wrongdoing; he knew full well of it, and I was not one to deny his foresight.

Starkly built, Herculean, and tall, with a silvery wig and bitter beige eyes. The Duc was the pure personification of a Spartan warrior with unchallenged sexual prowess, physical puissance, and intellectual acuity. Unmatched in his atheism, the lad freely detests all forms of social grace and faith, such that he penalizes any act of it in his presence, employing the vilest of methods in which his caprices see fit to.

(CONTINUE SUMMARY OF DOUCELIN'S FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE DUC ON MAY 31ST – 304/1000 WORDS)

(DESCRIPTION OF THE CHÂTEAU DE VALENCIENNES – 0/250 WORDS)

(SUMMARY OF DOUCELIN'S ARRIVAL AT THE CHÂTEAU DE VALENCIENNES AT MIDNIGHT ON JUNE 1ST – 0/2000 WORDS)

(SUMMARY OF THE LIBERTINES' SPEECH TO THE VICTIMS IN THE CHÂTEAU'S LIVING ROOM – 0/1000 WORDS)

(CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST DAY – 0/750 WORDS)

Part Two

"Week of the Passionate"

The comprehensive development of the second week of June (8th–14th), narrated by the Duc de Chappellaines; interspersed amongst which is the series of "passionate" indulgences which unfold at the Château de Valenciennes.

Part Three

"Week of the Imperious"

The comprehensive development of the third week of June (15th–21st), narrated by Doucelin L'Aignelet; interspersed amongst which is the series of "imperious" indulgences which unfold at the Château de Valenciennes.

Part Four

"Week of the Chastening"

The comprehensive development of the fourth week of June (22nd–28th), narrated by the Duc de Chappellaines; interspersed amongst which is the series of "chastening" indulgences which unfold at the Château de Valenciennes.

Part Five

"Week of the Torturous"

The comprehensive development of the first week of July (Jun. 29th–5th), narrated by Doucelin L'Aignelet; interspersed amongst which is the series of "torturous" indulgences which unfold at the Château de Valenciennes.

Part Six

"Week of the Murderous"

The enumerated chronology from July 6th to the 7th, narrated by the Duc de Chappellaines; interspersed amongst which is the series of "murderous" indulgences which unfold at the Château de Valenciennes.

The End.

Set in 18th-century France, *The 37 Day Passing* follows Doucelin L'Aignelet, a boy born into a family of aristocratic libertines. After enduring years of abuse from his parents and subsequent guardians—including the sadistic lovers Armand and Grégoire, and the banker Jean-Henri Fournier III—Doucelin evolves from victim to accomplice. The narrative alternates between his perspective and that of the Duc de C**********, a nihilistic aristocrat who orchestrates escalating acts of violence and sexual depravity at the Château de Valenciennes. Over 37 days, the story explores themes of moral decay, existential rebellion, and the cyclical nature of abuse, culminating in a grotesque finale that rejects societal and divine order. Through ornate prose and transgressive content, the novel critiques Enlightenment-era hypocrisy, religious corruption, and the human capacity for cruelty.

TP